SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The ——

We parted in August,
To meet not for years,
With partial reproaches—
All meaningless words in tears
No kind words were whispered,
No sighs of regret,
Only a cold shaking of hands at parting—
We never said met.

We parted in anger,
Proud anger was in vain,
Though both in my bosom
Indignantly burned,
Yet that word appeared
Thrice from me unkind,
The cause of my anger
Is buried in deep oblivion.

We each to our home
Without one sad glance,
And then the meetings
Of relations, friends bred
And then the sweet welcomes
We with our kindred had,
Those meetings were painful
To make a blank,
Memories.

Memories for Memories.

To hear their names
Spoken by others,
Their sentiments quoted,
Their sayings remembered,
Their actions recalled,
Their sufferings pitied,
Their sorrows shared,
Their joys participated in,
Their hopes encouraged,
Their wishes gratified,
Their plans approved,
Their views adopted,
Their persons admired,
Their characters esteemed,
Their friendship returned,
Their love reciprocated,
Their memories honored,
And to cherish their memories
As sacred gifts given
By departed friends,
Are duties which remember
With pleasure and delight,
The greeting no longer
Of friends on earth,
Philadelphia, July 20th, 1840.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

In his second room, Master Quilp was half-undressed and half-dressed by the time Mr. Swiveller was made. It had not escaped his keen eye that some unexpressible clothes of clothing were gone with the Nubbles's, and knowing the old man's habits and state of mind, he marvelled what that course of proceeding might be in which he had so totally forgotten himself as to leave his own house, and be unopened, or it would be a gross injustice to Mr. Quilp, that he was tortured by any disagreeable curiosity. Even grave men, when they come across a sixpence that a sweeping that the old man had some secret store of money which he had not suspected, and his habitual air of scraping his shillings, even husband him with restless anxiety and self-reproach.

In fine tension of mind, it was some consolation to him to know that Mr. Swiveller had designs upon different persons, evidently protected and disappointed by the same cause. It was plain, though he could not hear what was said on behalf of Nell, that he found, to Quilp or frighten the old man out of his wits. Some small fraction of that wonder of which Nell supposed him to have an abundance. There was a relief in not to be forced with a picture of the riches the old man hoarded, and to expatiate on the cunning or cunning himself, even to the cunning or cunning himself, even to the cunning himself.

"Well," said Dick, with a black look, "I suppose you've no more to say, have you?"

"Not at this point in the world," repeated the dwarf.

"You'll mention that I called, perhaps," said Dick.

Mr. Quilp nodded, and said he certainly would, he were first time he saw them.

And now, Richard Swiveller," said he, "I say, sir, that I was called here upon the pretence of business, and that I came in honesty, with the view of benefiting you, and that I have been insulted, abused, and vituperated in a great many times, and so had without backward into the bargain. Now, sir, I'm not to be put upon in this way. I'm not to be bullied and threatened, and to see my friends driven away, and to see my house ransacked, and to be told that I'm a liar, and that I'm a thief, and that I'm a villain, and that I'm a rascal, and that I'm a scoundrel, and that I'm a blackguard, and that I'm a vagabond, and that I'm a beggar, and that I'm a robber, and that I'm a murderer, and that I'm a monster, and that I'm a devil, and that I'm a fiend, and that I'm a goblin, and that I'm a hobgoblin, and that I'm a ghost, and that I'm a spectre, and that I'm a phantom, and that I'm a shadow, and that I'm a skeleton, and that I'm a corpse, and that I'm a mummy, and that I'm a walking skeleton, and that I'm a living corpse, and that I'm a breathing mummy, and that I'm a moving shadow, and that I'm a talking phantom, and that I'm a speaking spectre, and that I'm a ghostly goblin, and that I'm a fiendish devil, and that I'm a murderous monster, and that I'm a robbing hobgoblin, and that I'm a beggarly vagabond, and that I'm a swindling blackguard, and that I'm a scoundrelly rascal, and that I'm a lying villain, and that I'm a thieving liar, and that I'm a cheating murderer, and that I'm a ruffianly robber, and that I'm a hobgoblin, and that I'm a ghostly goblin, and that I'm a fiendish devil, and that I'm a murderous monster

a summer-day, and they in their infantine never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glasco. Hamish had laughing; said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her birth-day—and, strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be, that belief prevented one single fear from touching the mother's heart, ancshe and her husband that night lay down in sleep unbounded by any woful dream!

What could have been done for them, had they been told by some good or evil spirit, that their children were in the clutches of such a night! As well seek for a single bark in the middle of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King's House, and had had communicated with but though for scores of wilderness where the traveller seen no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff-passes of Mealmanny, between Bachuil-Eirin and the Black-Mount, to the west from the House of Dalness that fires in everlasting shadows, went a band of Shepherds, tramping their way across a hundred dense streams. Dalness joined its strength—and then away over the drink-bridged chasms toiled that gathering with their sheep-dogs scouring the lone mosses—In the van, Dugald, the Red Reaver, with his head aself, on the look-out for deer, grimly eying the Corrie where last he tasted blood. All "plaided in their tartan array," these shepherds by mid at the storm—and hark! you hear the baggage pipe—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

"They stent then of the sorte caste.
And nilly sheep."

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven up the mountain and the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at nightfall, amidst that of blind bellow, they descend into the desk where once stood the old Grove of Pines. Following the dogs, who know their dames in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had stouted him on in the forest, when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom! Yet life in both is frozen—and will the kind blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch-dark is the roofless ruin—and the frightened sleep know not what in the unwonted Shape that is now rising there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of them of the door-step—and then lifts up the other; and by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Hamish and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death! Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that mode dog knows that death is not there—and licks the face of Hamish, as if he would restore life to his eyes? Two of the shepherds know well how to find the dying in their plaids—how prudent to carry them along; for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body—yet living—of the youthful warrior, who had shown that of such a Clan he was worthy to be the Chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen—one could way have heard each other's voices had they spoke—but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hard to hand—thinking of the Hut Keanan, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-stress—surprising turn round corners—unhesitatingly plunge down steep stairs—wind their way fearless through whirlwinds of lime—and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For that is with the blind. So is he with all who walk on works of mercy. This saving hand has no fear—and therefore there was no danger—not the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains where moonlight—by ghostly gleamings—through the fitful night and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow—at places where in other weather there was a pool or a water-fall. The dip of the hills—in spite of the drifts—familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now—and them, the dogs in their instinct were guided that arrest not, and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal know that they were cautious to reach Glenloe. He led the way—and if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—and, more than all, he sounded the murmur where at springs the wild-fowls feed. And thus Instinct, and Reason, and Faith conducted the saving band through—and now the lake of Glenloe—and at the door of the Hut!

To life were brought the dead—and there at midnight sat they up late guests. Strange seemed they—and a whole earth-year's time—and as each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly men they loved. Then, as if no help first, they gazed on each other's faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Hamish—and that sweet word, the first he had seen him to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust, had sent them deliverance. Flora, from her new parents, and was on their knees—and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them—but powerless was she as a broken reed—and when she thought to join with them in thanksgiving—her voice was gone! Still no death at all these simple worshippers in the hut—and one or two who were fathers, were not ashamed to weep!

Who were they—the solitary pair—all alone by themselves save a small troupe of her on whose breast it hung—whom seven summers after—a same woman in our wanderings, before their sheeling in Corrie-Vullain at the foot of Ben Cheraic, who rose his shadow to a haunted lorie? Why, but Hamish and Flora—sitting at the green sward.

Fairies of Tone.

Some years since, says an English paper was noised in Paris, that a monster of prodigious stature and kind of a dwarfish, which, as many and nature, defied the knowledge of the physicians. By and by, it was observed that the mortality only attacked those who, it could be proved, were in the habit of recreating themselves on a certain square, or garden, open to the public, and much frequented; but as no one minded dat and ate like those, it also became in time noticed that only those individuals suffered who had, for choice or by mere, studied themselves, and to mine and other fellow asleep, beneath a remarkably fine old tree. Now this tree was not literally a Upas, though it had grown into very many misfortunes; but there was at any rate something about it so mortally extraordinary, as to induce particular investigation. It was then discovered, that the tree being old and decayed, in a large hollow near the base of its trunk, a host of extraordinary size had taken up its abode; and it was hence ascertained that the pestiferous effluvia exhaled from the body of this hugh and bloated reptile, had, by tainting the air for some feet around, caused the death, by poison, of all who had slept beneath the tree, or slept under it, possibly, with their faces close to its hole. The unseemly monster was destroyed, the hole filled up, and no more deaths occurred among those who subsequently sat under the tree.

Charges.

A celebrated contractor for the tunnel-shafts, of the railways, being urged by the directors to make some disadvantageous alterations in his tenders, asked, on the head of the argument, "How can I do it with eight thousand sixpence starting me to bail—to ?" "What, do they show with these eyes upon?" replied the of the simple directors.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1840.

THE RIOT CASE.

The Rioters—and relative position of each to the Court—Judge Burton—Application for a pardon.

As we stated, last week, the court adjourned on Thursday to meet again on Saturday morning, but at the time appointed, an adjournment took place until Monday morning, at which time the session of the court was delivered. Judge Burton and Conrad being in favor of, and Judge Duran opposed to, a new trial.

The opinion of the majority of the court is to ongthy for insertion entire. It was in effect that, though the court possessed the power to remove a recorders, during the same term in which it was passed, yet in the present case, neither the law nor the evidence, permitted the court to award a new trial. After giving a brief history of the trials, in which the court stated that reasonable doubts often took place in presence of jurors; that the prisoners in this case regularly pleaded; that they had counsel; and could except some of evidence; that their witnesses were regularly summoned; that the prisoners showed their capability of conducting their own defence, the court passing two speeches in his own defence, and the other by giving the names and residences of his witnesses; and that the prisoners, through their counsel, desired no delay in passing sentence, Judge Barton proceeded to state that the prevalence of excitement among the people, or the short time elapsing between a crime and its punishment no legal grounds for reviewing a sentence, citing the case of the murderer McGarry, in 1829, who was tried within a week of the offence, and a delay except of a day or two, refused by Judge Gibson, now chief justice of Pennsylvania, on the grounds that evidence and preparation were made. Judge Burton said was one of the first rules in criminal jurisprudence. These men had been tried with prompt ness, but at the same time with due deliberation. Judge Barton then reviewed the evidence, and contended that at most it was only negative; and that however strong it might seem for the time especially to those in the court, it was quite as strongly rebutted by the testimony of the commonwealth. He added, moreover, that an inflexible rule of law, forbid the introduction of evidence as a reason for a new trial, unless when the testimony had been discovered since the former trial, and that at all the prominent witnesses for Prosser were those summoned at his trial, the court could not recognise the validity of reasons found on the evidence heard in the last trial.

This rule originated in the desire to prevent prisoners from suborning witnesses, after a conviction, to swear negatively to whatever was proved at the time—a practice which otherwise would be resorted to, at the expense of truth, justice, right, and the supremacy of the law. He honored further stated, that the testimony of Harman Keen, the member of the "*game cocklers*" produced by the prisoner's counsel, was, in the eye of the majority of the court, wholly worthless, as they could attach no weight to the evidence of a man, who on his own showing, had idly lacked upon the wanton destruction of property, perpetrated only by boys, without attempting to interfere as his duty required him to do. He concluded by stating, that it was the opinion of the court that the motion should be refused. In this decision, Judge Conrad assented.

Judge Duran, however, differed, he said, from the majority of the court.

His opinion was short. He had great stress on the rapidity with which the prisoners had been convicted, and said that a new trial would give the defendants an opportunity, if innocent, of escaping, and if guilty, would return them to prison. He thought the popular prejudice should, in this country, never be disregarded. The axe had indeed fallen, but justice had not been avenged.

After the judges had been called against a new trial, the prisoners, consequently, remain in custody, to serve out the period of their respective sentence.

After the delivery of this opinion, David Paul Brown, Esq. moved in arrest of judgment. The Court ordered the motion to be recorded, although they stated there was little probability it would be entertained, as their present decision covered the whole ground, both of errors in fact, and errors in law.

During the week, an application to the Governor, to pardon the prisoners, has been in agitation, but we have not learned how far it has been ascertained.

A Steam Ship.

What has become of the project to establish a steam ship from this port to Great Britain. Is it that the threatened war has put a stop to the Arabian Nights, to be only a day's wonder, and then pass from the memory? Let us see.

Nearly or Philadelphians are a strange, a very strange people. Like the old Athenians we are great boasters, and only palmy affairs after all—We remember a few years since, when the Schuylkill Navigation was demanded, that a vast hotel, surpassing even the Astor House, and to be erected on the Reservoir lot, was the immediate result of the fortnight. But something happened and the scheme fell through. Then the whole city was shocked, for a month or so after a new Court House was to be built. Then a People in the Western part of the town, but after creating quite an excitement for a day or two, the people has gone to sleep. By and by there was a Bridge and Fairmount projected, but it also paralyzed immediately and then we go. We fling down the gauntlet, and challenge all Christendom to beat us in anything in the manner, splendor, and extent of her improvements—improvements that will carry our names down to the latest posterity—improvements which shall win encomiums from each true rival citizen, and hostile nations,—improvements, which unless all nature, have only one fault, but that a fault which will cause them to stand unique in the world.

But this not be so with a steam ship. We want nothing but a little energy; to achieve this great triumph, and steal the Cunard Line, to be undertaken by all her neighbors!—Philadelphia, unlike as a port, more than the advantages of Boston, and only to relief city on the coast. Steam, and steam alone can overcome the disadvantages of her peculiar position, with a hundred and twenty miles of bay and river navigation, often against wind and tide, before arriving at her wharves.

We trust this scheme will be carried out, and that in a few years, a steam ship, shall not, like the ugly progeny of the town, be only a nine day's wonder.

Ladies' Fashions for August.

Flats, and silks of every color, shot, plain, patent, glazed satinets, are all in favor, but during the warm weather they are replaced by bobbin net, and other light fabrics, tissue and gauze, spotted, spotted, and striped bobbins. There is little new in the mode of dresses this month; the change is confined to trifles, and consists more in minute slight excess are much worn in Paris, with long gloves, nothing to resist with the arm. Sleeves are made with fullness, some only half down the body, others entirely open it. Velvet are in great variety, made of light materials in one and dresses with short sleeves and low bodies. One of the newest fabrics is a gown with small collar and long scarf, ends trimmed all round with a narrow Valenciennes lace, the ends cross in front and tie behind; the present form of the corsage requires the addition of this

collar, which are very richly embroidered, and trimmed with fine lace; narrow frills are also worn on the tops of dresses.

Leghorn bonnets are much worn at this moment, but puffs de tulle and crapes are also fashionable. Straw bonnets for travelling or country wear, have the fronts edged with broad band of velvet, and the crown is encircled with a trowde of the same material; plaid ribbons may also be used in the same style, and sometimes a bunch of ivory feathers matching the velvet of ribbon, falls on the edge of the bonnet; the form of bonnets does not vary. Small frises either of lace or tulle, trimmed with two or three rows of fluted lace, are worn in the morning; the last mode is a piece of narrow gauze ribbon are placed in clusters, and fix the frises on each side the cheeks; a small ribbon tucks into under the chin.

Academy of Fine Arts.

We call attention to the exhibition of Paintings at this Academy, in Chesnut street, above Tenth street. Many of the best are master pieces. There are originals by Murillo, Guido, and other masters, besides a variety of copies by distinguished Artists, and several fine productions from Allston, Leslie, Sully, Inman, Stuart, Neagle, and the rest of our native Artists. The taste in the Antique departments is also attended. The group of the Laocoön is one of the finest things we have ever seen.

New Publications.

GOSSETTER.—*By Sir. E. L. Bulwer.*—2 vols.—*Harper & Brothers.*—This novel, penned many years since anonymously, and was attributed by rather to Disraeli than to the author of P. Dunn. An edition is published by Carey & Co. of this city. Since then the book has been republished in a new form, and a new edition has been put forth by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. As it was not from the author's own hand for publication, it will be read now that it is known to be Sir E. L. Bulwer's, we shall feel ourselves at liberty to review it, then and hereafter.

The same fault which we have often laid at the door of this novelist, is a glaring one in the present volume. It is decidedly unfit for the perusal of youth. The whole story of the Italian Girl is to be reproduced in the strongest terms. With this exception, it is decidedly fine in parts of high merit. The character of Constance, especially is exquisitely drawn, surpassing even the other heroines of this celebrated novelist. His portrait of the introduction of evidence as a reason for a new trial, unless when the testimony had been discovered since the former trial, and that at all the prominent witnesses for Prosser were those summoned at his trial, the court could not recognise the validity of reasons found on the evidence heard in the last trial.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

"Laurel Hill" shall appear at an early day. Some portions of it are beautiful. The Spenserian measure is, perhaps, the most flexible in the language.

"Thy Name" is on file for insertion.

Thanks to "J. W. E." for his answer to the enigma.

"The Fairy's Invitation," by S. H. is on file and shall appear at an early day. Our correspondent is not less happy than usual in his effusion. He has our thanks.

"Riches," by W. R. S. is given out for insertion. These short, instructive articles of our correspondent are praiseworthy.

Ah! here is a *morceau*. It is exquisite, right exquisite. The author is a true poet, disdaining vulgar jingle and rhyme, and other arts of your mere versifier. Hear it:

> "There is a land—a quiet land
> Of peace; of sweet repose;
> Where dwell of God the Pilgrim band,
> In heavenly quietude."

And then the 5th stanza,

> "Though pleasant be that [illegible], that happy land,
> Where reigns perennial love,
> Yet none but God's own chosen band
> Saith He, in those bright realms shall live."

After this let Byron—hide his diminished head.

[illegible]

Financial Record.

[illegible]

Political Intelligence.

[illegible]

Kentucky.—The United States Gazette, from which we glean our intelligence respecting Kentucky, says:

Returns from eighty-eight counties, published in the Louisville Journal of the 13th instant, show a majority 17,764 votes for the Whig candidate for Governor.

There are about ninety counties in Kentucky, which gave a majority of 3662 for the Harrison ticket in 1836, in a popular vote of 60,712.

Alabama.—There is nothing decidedly known about this State yet. It appears, however, that there are 46 Whigs elected to the House, and 13 to the Senate,—while the Democrats have elected 45 to the House, and 20 to the Senate. Four counties yet to be heard from, electing 9 members, will determine the victory, if this be true.

Missouri.—The Whig vote so far as heard from, about one-third of the counties in the State, is 6195, Democratic 5054. In 1836, the same counties gave Whig 7120, Democratic 6004—Whig gain 25 votes. The Legislature stands 29 Whigs and 28 democrats in the House; in 1838, 37 Whigs 21 Democrats. As few of these returns are official, they say, though generally correct, leane more or less to the one side or the other. The difficulty of reconciling the statements of conflicting partizan presses is considerable.

City News.

Coroner's Inquest.—The Coroner held an inquest on Monday morning, upon the body of an interesting little boy aged nine years, named John Holcom, who had met with his death by falling through a trap-door leading to the cellar in his father's house No. 15 Laurel Street, Kensington. The verdict of the jury was in accordance.

[illegible]

A Teacher in Trouble—*Cruel Punishment of a Pupil.*—S. A. Reeve, the proprietor of the Franklin Academy, No. 89 South Third street, was brought before Alderman Cook on Thursday afternoon, and required to enter into a recognisance of $200 to answer at the General Sessions the charge of having cruelly chastised one of his pupils, a lad about 14 years of age, son of Wm. Bramble, one of the Recorder's special constables. The instrument used for the infliction of the chastisement was alleged to have been a ratt n half an inch in diameter.

The Cabs.—We looked at one of these new conveniences on Thursday, as it stood in front of the Exchange, and must confess it pleased us considerably. It is of a dark cream-color, embellished with sundry figures; is capable of carrying four persons (if neither of them be very corpulent) with comfort; is placed upon two wheels drawn by one horse; and altogether wears an air of lightness and coolness, particularly suited to the present condition of the thermometer. It belongs to J. Glenat.

Drowned.—On Thursday afternoon, a German of genteel appearance, was drowned while bathing in the Delaware at Windmill Island. His body was not recovered, having floated up the river, it was supposed with the tide. His name was not ascertained.

Accident.—On Thursday a horse attached to a furniture car loaded with melons, at Market street wharf, backed into the Delaware, and before he could be extricated from the harness was drowned. The car was saved by the bystanders.

Young Rowdies.—Alderman Hoffner, of Moyamensing, on Tuesday evening held to bail two young rowdies, named James Kelly and Francis S. Fine, for amusing themselves by breaking doors, windows, &c.

Equestrian Statue of Washington.—A large number of persons, during the week, visited the model of the Equestrian Statue of Washington, now exhibited in the Hall of Independence.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

Robbed and Murdered.—On the night of the 5th inst. near Louisville, Ky., a man by the name of Peter Peterson, was murdered and robbed of about $2,000. The money taken was mostly in Louisiana $100 notes. The person suspected, is a large man, florid complexion, and about thirty-two years of age. Peterson engaged this man to assist him in taking a flat-boat which he had purchased, down the river, and on the night of the day they left Louisville, the crime was committed. The day after, the man returned to Louisville; and afterwards went to Cincinnati or St. Louis.

The Lady Kiss.—A late writer on kissing very properly remarks that the abominable fashion of ladies kissing each other, is a piece of wanton and unprovoked cruelty; a sheer waste of heaven's good gifts; a miserable frittering away of that was designed for better purposes. It is absolutely wicked, and ninety-nine times in a hundred it is done, for no other purpose than to annoy and make wretched the poor things who stand with hats in their hands, and dare not so much as open their watering mouths for fear of slobbering their bosoms.

Scalded to Death.—On Wednesday last, a little boy in New York son of Mrs. O'Neil, was running to his mother, from one room to another, when he stumbled and fell into a kettle of boiling water, which the servant girl had placed on the floor, preparatory to washing. The child's arm and shoulder were terribly injured. He lingered until Friday last when he died. He was two years and five months old.

Counterfeit.—Ten dollar notes of the Marble Manufacturing Company, New York city, a broken institution, altered to Leather Manufacturers' Bank, are in circulation, signed Geo. L. Pride, cashier, pay H. Hassack, or order, and H. Dennis, president, endorsed. The fine letters under the word Bank, which is inserted, may be seen distinctly.

Giraffes, and Gazelles.—The British brig Helme, from Alexandria, Egypt, arrived in New York, [illegible]

Fire and Serious Accident.—On Sunday last at Newton, Lower Falls, Mass. a fire was discovered in a barn in part occupied for the storage of cotton waste, and owned by Mr. Ayer of Boston, which with its contents was entirely consumed. The cause of the fire was the spontaneous combustion of the cotton waste. At the time of the alarm an unfortunate accident occurred. Mr. Hamilton Rice mounted a horse for the purpose of alarming the neighbors, and while on this duty the horse fell, by which Mr. Rice's lower jaw was broken and his nose, lips and face dreadfully lacerated. Medical aid was called and his wounds dressed.

Cut his Throat.—A distressing instance of attempted suicide, occurred in Georgetown, Ky., on Sunday, 1st inst. Mr. Robert Read, the Postmaster of the town, and a minister in the Baptist church, cut his throat about nine o'clock in the evening. When found it was evident that he had just been engaged in writing, and had shaved himself before committing this act. By the last account it was not supposed that he would recover.

Fire at Flatbush, L. I.—A fire broke out on Friday in one of the out buildings belonging to David Johnson, Esq. which entirely consumed every building, together with the stock of hay, &c. The dwelling House was saved with great difficulty. It is thought to have been either the work of a negro man in Mr. Johnson's employ, or from the spontaneous combustion of damp hay.

Another Murder.—The Paris Tenn. Whig states, that Phineas T. Scruggs, Esq., a high-minded and respected citizen of Somerville, was shot by Levin H. Coe, Esq. in a rencontre which they had at that place on Tuesday morning, August 7. Mr. Scruggs was not dead when last heard from, but not the faintest hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Robbery.—We learn that James R. Wilson, Esq. President of the Tioga Navigation Company was robbed of his pocket book, in New York, when about embarking [illegible]

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

August, 1840.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
22 Saturday,	5 20	6 40	9 41	
23 Sunday,	5 21	6 34	10 34	D. H. M.
24 Monday,	5 23	6 32	11 32	
25 Tuesday,	5 24	6 [illegible]	12 2[illegible]	
26 Wednesday,	5 25	6 35	1 21	First 5 12 17
27 Thursday,	5 26	6 31	2 9	Full 14 2 14
28 Friday,	5 2[illegible]	6 32	2 54	Last 20 7 16
29 Saturday,	5 2[illegible]	6 31	2 39	New 27 1 43

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Arrivals	Departures
Eastern arrives at 1 2 A. M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 5½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western 5¼ A. M. & 5¼ P. M.	Western at 5 A. M. 2½ P. M.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday morning, in St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. George Ward, formerly of England, to Miss Harriet S. Allen, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Allen, deceased, former Rector of said Church.

At Martinsburg, Lewis county, N. Y. on the 11th inst. Mr. Richard Chauncey Smith, of Philadelphia, to Miss Dema Roxanna Hough, M. D.

By the Rev. M. Sorin, on the 13th inst. Capt. Isaac C. [illegible], Jr. formerly of Virginia, to Miss Eliza Jane [illegible], of Philadelphia.

By Alderman Mitchell on the morning of the 13th, Edward Young, to Miss Sarah Strong, both of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. P. F. Mayer, James C. Finn, to Miss Catharine W. daughter of Valentine Burkhart, all of this city.

On the 28th April, 1840, by the Rev. George C. Potts, Mr. Peter Waples, Merchant of Dubuque, Iowa Territory, to Miss Elizabeth Burton, both formerly of Lewes, Delaware.

On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. William Emery, of this city, to Miss Jane, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Holbrook, of Southwark.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sampson, Mr. Edward Wilson, to Miss M. Hall, eldest daughter of Mr. James Hall, both of this city.

In New York, on Tuesday morning, 11th inst. at St. Mathew's Church, in Walker street, by the Rev. F. W. Geissenhainer, Mr. Nathaniel B. Kneass of Philadelphia, to Miss Caroline A. Voltee, daughter of the late Capt. Frederick L. Voltee, of New York.

By the Rev. R. W. Cushman, on the 12th inst. William M. Steele, to Miss Susan Larkin, both of Philadelphia.

[illegible]

DIED.

[illegible]

SALES OF STOCKS.

[illegible]

Sales by Auction.

[illegible]

THE OLIO.

Variety's the sauce of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Musings.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

This is a summer morn!—The breeze is blowing
In sensuous softness o'er Earth's vast expanse,
We imagine cloud-air shadows play in flowing
No harsh-toned sound to mar Nature's deep notes!
The stream along its pebly treats is leaping,
The sunshine glides its sparkling blue above;
The flowers in beauty and in bloom are steeping,
And I gaze on them with an eye of love.

An eye of love! for all their smiling tenderness
Bring to my mind the joy of vanished hours—
The joy of days of innocence and lightness,
That passed me in my Childhood's rosy bowers!
They call up dreams of bliss—that now are faded,
Of fair ones I have known—that now are gone!
Of sample hopes—by cruel fate unaided,
Of Misery's joy beneath that around me shone
They are not to my tranquiled spirit bringing
Visions of pain felt in my early day:—
Of suffering sent from my sky of being
Oft chased the gloom of young delight away!
Oh! few have known life's sweetness and sorrow
That darkly wait around affection's lot,
More keen than I.—who still those days of sorrow
Would fain my soul with the calmly weeping part.

Perhaps 'tis well! Forebance it's been a blessing
Sent from above to call this heart of mine
That loves too fondly passion's wild caressing—
From its low worship at a fleeting shrine:—
To keep it in each scene of lurking dangers
In meek submission to the Will Divine,
That thought of that dread love sent, moved no strangers
That breaks the links of my life's feeble chain!

Oh! Thou who art the merciful Forgiver
Of those who seek Thee with a sorrowful heart—
Who art the source of Life's unfailing River
That gleams on the beauties of Thy Spirit,
That from on Earth I never may forget Thee
That when the flood of worldcare overflow down,
My weary soul in purity may meet Thee,
And joined with Angels, sing before Thy Throne!

Friend.

Church Music.

Some mischievous wag having greased the spectacles of a clerk of a church, the latter in consequence of the hot sun, imagining that his eye sight was failing, exclaimed with his usual twang—

"My eyes are blind, I cannot see!"

The people unwitting this for a part of the hymn, began immediately to sing it; whereupon the clerk, waking from his dream, continued—

"I cannot see at all!"

Which being also sung, he drawled out with wonderful impressiveness—

"Indeed my eyes are very blind."

This being sung, too, the clerk, out of patience, exclaimed—

"The Devil's in you all!"

As this appeared to rhyme very well, the song ere finished the stanza

"Yes—yes—yes he's kind. I cannot see at all.
I cannot see at all.
Indeed my eyes are very blind.
The Devil's in you all!"

Comparison of the Sexes.

—If the mind of man is a pistareen, as has been said, I should call that of woman a *pistareen fortissimo*, as capable of both existence to a far greater extent than we are. Man is impelled by some one feeling, woman by more various passions: man by a current, woman by the wind. Love is the very quintessence of their character; love even without reason and without return. How strongly they love, they gathered from the intensity with which they hate; they are like the natives of Otaheite, who were soft and gentle as children, yet cannibals. Men love things, women persons.

Eloquence.—"Gentlemen of the jury, do you suppose I would be so mean as to send you two poor hunks of picked cotting? I 'spose not, I reckon not. While the wolves were howling on the mountains of Kentucky, and Napoleon Bonaparte was massacreing the armies of Europe—do you suppose my client would be so mean as to steal two poor pinkin hunks of picked cotting?—I 'spose not, I reckon not."

A Cutting Remark.—"How does this razor cut?" said a barber yesterday, while shaving one of his customers.

"Very well, I should think. You've cut me in two places already."

Joe an Editor.—"Pa," said a little fellow the other day, "was n't Job an editor?" "Why, Sonny?" "Because the bible informs us that he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life?"

A Clever Pun.—A lady in Calcutta asked Colonel Ironsides for a mangoe, as he toiled it along the table it fell into a plat of *limonade*, a kind of grape very common in the East Indies, upon which Dr. Hunter, a gentleman as eminent for his wit as for skill in his profession, neatly observed, "How naturally mangoes to lime-nade."

A Terse Editor.—A Penn editor accused a brother editor of having but one shirt, and says he borrowed that. To this the second editor replies, that the first is a fact that he has been obliged to sleep under a wheel-barrow for the last three months.

Rum and Rabe.—Much rain is a sure sign of wet weather.

Lady Payne's Monkey.—R. R. Sheridan was on terms of intimacy with Sir Ralph and Lady Payne. Her ladyship had a favorite monkey, which was seized with a peculiar melancholy incidental to its species, and had taken to eating its tail—sure harbinger of death.

Mr. Sheridan came to dinner, and Lady Payne informed him that poor Jem was no more; that she attended him until his latest; and entreated the author of the "School for Scandal" to write an epitaph on her monkey. Sheridan was not quite in the mood for the lady pertinaciously placed paper and pen before him, whereupon the great dramatist and orator sullenly scratched—

Poor Jem!
Sorry for him!
Eat tail by half!
It has been no Sheridan!

Losing sea Stock.—An aristocratic Irishman speaking of his native country, said it was an excellent place: in fact, the only thing worth owning in it, was the whiskey. "You mean to say then," said a waggish friend, "that with all her faults you love her still?"

Men and Women.—Men are like horse-beans, the outside is good for nothing, but, with good housing, they make something out; women are like the more delicate bush-bean, in which lean and pod, inside and outside, are equally excellent.

A Heavy Tax.—The proprietors of the London Times pay the government a duty of more than one hundred dollars per annum for stamps. Its circulation is close upon seven thousand daily.

A Good Conundrum.—Why is a horsepond like a book-post? Because it's got it in. Because every man should use his own and not borrow his neighbor's.

Destiny of Women.—Only princes and women are brought up for a certain known career; all others are left, more or less, to the uncertainty of chance.

The Public.—The public likes to be treated like ladies: we should say nothing to either but what they like to hear.

General Popularity.—Never seek at universal popularity, for know, that fools, like melody but a fool, like themselves.

Manly and Weird.—A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, concluded, that "He spent money like water." "Then of course he degenerated his debts," rejoined a wag.

Answer to Money and tongue post I.
E—So the cannon ball with power.—*Envoi*

The Women of the Revolution.

Right glad are we that serious effort is now to be made to complete the monument necessary. This is to be done chiefly by the Ladies and by means of a Fair. Thus will give all an opportunity to contribute their mite: and let but all contribute this mite, and much will be accomplished. The Fair alone will bring a large amount to aid in the work—other arrangements, now in progress, in connection, will, without doubt, furnish the remainder of the funds required. It needs, then, but a determination on the part of the community that the Monument *shall be completed*, and it will be done.

Well is it, too, that the Ladies are to be the chief actors in putting on the cap-stone to the Bunker-Hill Monument. Let the ladies of the present generation only recall the struggles, the self-denial, the fortitude, of those of a past generation, and it cannot fail to excite them to efforts to complete that last deed of consecration. Let the daughters go back to the times of the Revolution, and recall the deeds of the mothers: And what a bright page in our annals is that which let's us recount all the toils and trials—the courage in adversity—the timely aid—the voice of encouragement—of the women of the Revolution!

The women of the Revolution! A theme not yet handled as it should be. No historian as yet has done justice to the worth of their deeds. At times, as when our glorious day of national rejoicing comes round, bringing with it sacred reminiscences of the past, and beckoning to golden prospects for the future, an orator will here and there allude to the mothers of our heroic age; and scattered along the already long series of biographical notices, may be seen mentioned individual instances of the sufferings of those days. But he who will look into that ever faithful mirror of history, the newspaper—or he who will read faithfully those old revolutionary testimonials, the public journals—shall see the spirit of those days, as it animated the busy mass of life, all as enthusiastic, as fresh, as stirring as true to the life, almost, as if he stood upon the eminence, a calm spectator of each passing scene. Washington and the soldiery and leading scene of the reception of Washington at Trenton was acted, when the "mighty chief" was received with flowers from fair maiden hands, and voices, almost heavenly, sang—

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those immortal patriots save,
Build for them triumphant honors!—

he shall see the meridian glow of female patriotism. The journals abound in notices of the contributions—the lulling of the tender conduct of a mother, in giving her parting blessing to an only son—leading him as true to himself, to her honor, to liberty—cuffing him that she had taken so him in his absence, than hear of his disgrace—now of the calm endurance of whole districts of females, who lived in daily dread of conquest, in all that anxiety for the fate of kindred and friends, known only to the female heart; now giving the terrible appeal of some "distressed lady," detailing the ferocity of a foreign foe, who had invaded a happy home, and murdered, or worse than murdered, its helpless inmates, or recounting the hardships of their protection and defenders"—the blood tracks left by the brave troops as they marched over the cold snows of winter to the field of combat—the sufferings of the wounded—the sad want of the bare necessaries of life in "Washington's camp," and then calling upon her country women" to lend their aid to succor their mothers: and then comes the details of the spirited conduct of the females of whole districts, towns, counties, &c. &c. Such are the details to be furnished "to the lady of our illustrious general," scores of garments for the wants of "the army"—these especially being made by the "maidens of Salem"—the "ladies of Boston and plaudits to noble an object. And then, here and there may be seen the stern resolution of mothers—those of the Bunker Hill county, North Carolina—all to prefer the addresses of any person, "to his circumstances or condition in life" what they supply, or from he had served in the "Continental army," long enough "*to prove by his valor, that he was deserving of their favor.*" Such are the details that abound in the Revolutionary journals. Of any precious memorials. Would that some diligent hand would gather them together for the benefit of the ladies of the present generation!

Again, we say, the spirits of the wives and the daughters of our revolutionary patriots, in the cause of independence, have not been placed in the bold relief they so richly deserve. The spirit of patriotism they manifested was not rewarded by the laurel crown. The solemn thunder, mantling that greet the approach from the fields battle field, was not there. Not could they think of the glory or the fame that impel the hero to the battle. Their gallant conduct was its own sacrifice. Grim-visaged war takes from home all that is dear to woman. What does it give in return? A crown of thorns is often her only recompense. It is hers to see in the absence and when she gives up husband and brother, father and friend, to go to struggle on the battle field, she yields all that makes life pleasant or desirable. But all this was little thought of in those days. When the time for action came, woman was ready to meet the exigency, and to bear up the demands of duty. With Roman fortitude did she brave the horrors of the conflict. Still was her bosom filled at the call of country, and like the noble dames of Sparta, rather would she have seen husband, brother or friend, slain in battle, than have received them in disgrace.

Let these things of the past such as these, be Complot of by those who would do something to reduce the present generation from the shame and disgrace of allowing to crumble a work to remain unfinished as the Bunker Hill Monument, and they cannot fail to excite them to greater exertions.—*Boston Post.*

The Reward of Virtue.

Malcolm here came climbed a rock in the Pyrenees, and suddenly descried an officer, the chief of the English army, in the same direction, to him who was waiting some material in his hand. The philosopher, in a short jacket, with a knotted stick in his hand, and with lots spatterdashes, approached him without ceremony, took the stone from the officer's hand, examined it, and said—"This is a fragment of big pig, and of all things the most extraordinary in this neighborhood." The dragoons in the retinue of the knight thought the peasant of the Pyrenees was a fool, and when she gives up husband and brother, father and friend, to go to struggle on the battle field, yields all that makes life pleasant or desirable. But all this was little thought of in those days. When the time for action came, woman was ready to meet the exigency, and to bear up the demands of duty. With Roman fortitude did she brave the horrors of the conflict. Still was her bosom filled at the call of country, and like the noble dames of Sparta, rather would she have seen husband, brother or friend, slain in battle, than have received them in disgrace.

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Scott's Palmy Days.

The palmy days of Scott's life were during the long sustained popularity of the Waverly novels. The universal acclamation with which his genius was hailed, resembled the royal progresses of the English monarchs some centuries ago,—or rather the imperial progress of a Trojan through the large domain of the Roman empire. The rapidity with which he amazed the world, might be likened, yet contrasted, with the masterly march of our late contemporary Napoleon. The extraordinary revenue from the novels fostered Scott's unfortunate ambition of becoming an extensive landed proprietor, after the old Scottish style, until the first realized purchase expanded into the baronial estate of Abbotsford. The severest trials of human character were visited upon him—misunderstood prosperity and a disastrous reverse. In the former, neither his modesty nor his equanimity was disturbed by the applause of the world reaching him through the thin curtain of concealed authorship. His prosperity gave, too, proof abundant of the truth that genius is of the heart as well as of the head. The warm-hearted man and his sympathies might be illustrated by his friendly intercourse not only with his contemporaries in literature, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, Maurice, and others, but with men of every rank in society, with the king, with the great captain, the statesman, the chemist, the sculptor, the painter, the engraver, and with the humble mechanic and Davy, with Chantry, and Wilkie, and Kemble,—and besides those with friends in the walks of literature, he had his extended circle of habitual deference to rank is visible in various parts of his biography; how far this was the result of artificial—how far from policies, and of his native kindness of temper, we cannot stop to inquire; but that it was that exaggerated weakness, which some have alleged, and that he was unable to say no, is plain. Hence the scenes of a nobleman, Scotch or English, we cannot recollect—so far as the means of judging are before the world; we are forced to suppose that Scott's aristocratic sentiment, high-toned as it undoubtedly was, contained the inner elements of a fawning servility, or that it contracted the *sphere* of his sympathies.

We can read to Scott's domestic character no further than to express an opinion, formed in a way of inference, that his marriage, though by no means an unhappy one, was ill-sorted and uncongenial. It is impossible to reprieve the regret, but he added here, that Scott's compassionate pen, the domestic correspondence with his son presents him in a pleasing light.

The Circulation Love Chant.

BY COLERIDGE

At midnight to the streets I hied
To forget the form I loved
Image of Lesbia! from my mind
Depart; for thou art false and cruel.
The moon was bright, the paramed gleam
And the night-rose breathed
Heated upon Talassa's cheeks
But the moon changed her light to pale
The night-rose withered from my wreath
Fit product both of lovers' pain
Fit offering to the power of love
Since of love and pain forlorn I left
Disdain'd, for Lesbia is not kind.

I saw a couple of gallant fops
Moonlight by Cleopatra's needle
Gallant fops and more than gallant
Who in vintage and in song delight
Each fop had his flask of Burgundy
Full to overflow the moon at last
Forsook the lady of the night
Then they marched with flasks in hand
Each with a flask in hand they marched
Each with a flask in hand they sang
Sang in honor of Cleopatra's needle
Sang in honor of Cleopatra's needle
Image of Lesbia! from my mind
Depart, for Lesbia is not kind

I saw a crowd of gallant fops
Moonlight by Cleopatra's needle
Gallant fops and more than gallant
Each fop had his flask of Burgundy
Full to overflow the moon at last
Forsook the lady of the night
Then they marched with flasks in hand
Each with a flask in hand they sang
Sang in honor of Cleopatra's needle
Sang in honor of Cleopatra's needle
Image of Lesbia! from my mind
Depart, for Lesbia is not kind

The night-cloud—the flasks were
The night-cloud—the flasks were
Ashes in the moon-beam
Ashes in the moon-beam
Ashes in the moon-beam